The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

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Editorial Notes.

Mrs. Stanton well says that when marriage results from a true union of intellect and spirit —when mothers and fathers give to their holy offices even the preparation of soul and body that the artist gives to the conception of his poem, statue or landscape, then will marriage, maternity and paternity acquire a new sacredness and dignity, and a nobler type of manhood and womanhood will glorify the race.

Miss Phelps recently represented girls as a very unhappy race of beings; but Elizabeth Dudley, a pleasant contributor of the *Evening Mail*, comes to the defence of girlhood and of girls. She does not believe in the misery of sweet sixteen, nor the total wretchedness of blooming twenty-five. She is convinced that girls are even less unhappy than any other class of people, which is so nearly true that it will pass for the truth. We have known very few women of fifty who did not wish they were fifteen once more.

Gail Hamilton says that bad as are some the laws in some of the States, there is none in which women do not possess the essentials of liberty; none in which women may not exercise entire freedom of thought, of word, and, for the most part, of deed, hampered only by bonds which are the result of their own acts or character. All the laws which unjustly restrict them they may in the most public manner denounce and use all their efforts to destroy. The changes which have been effected in these later years show that denunciation is not the dashing of impotent rage against an immovable body, but may become a skillful instrument for fashioning the ugly block into a shapely statue.

The Springfield *Republican*, usually remarkably correct in its information, never made a greater mistake than when it asserted that the editors of the *Woman's Journal* "have forgiven THE REVOLUTION, and are about taking it into partnership." In the first place, that journal has nothing to forgive THE REVOLUTION; and in the second place, THE REVOLUTION is not in the market, nor does it propose to commit matrimony. It has a steadily increasing circulation, and is abundantly able to stand on its own feet, and say its own word in its own way, without fear and without favor; and it has not even considered the proposals made to it by other parties who are far more anxious to absorb it than it is willing to be absorbed. We are glad that the *Republican* has discovered that THE REVOLUTION "is a good paper."

An American woman, writing from England, says that English women are showing an ability for immediate practical action which she does not find in America. They are fighting vigorously and unitedly against certain social evils, which come especially within their province; they are training themselves in a business-like manner for philanthropic work; they are not riding individual hobbies, nor airing clever, impracticable theories; in a word, they care much for the honest advancement of the sex in the line of its natural progress, and see clearly that women can attain the highest development only as men attain it, by patient, hard work. It is, therefore, only as a means to an end that they are asking for the suffrage. They regard it as no panacea, no charm, but as a new and great responsibility, a two-edged sword which cuts both ways, and does good service only in strong, firm hands.

Mr. Theodore Tilton has written and published a biography of Victoria C. Woodhull, in a neat pamphlet of 35 pages. The story is a remarkable one. It reads more like a romance than an authentic history; but it is written in transparent sincerity of conviction, with all the glow and enthusiasm of devout faith, and something of the spirit of old knightly chivalry in its heroic tone. If the story it tells is true, and we know nothing to the contrary, the life it sketches is certainly one of the most wonderful that has begun in the present century, and deserves to be traced in more fullness of detail, with names, places and dates which would enable the reader to verify its statements. If one half of what this biography says of Mrs. Woodhull is true, the popular estimate of her is cruelly unjust, and we shall be the first to rejoice in having it reversed. Perhaps a less impassioned and glowing account of her career, and claims in her behalf that seem less like extravagance to the cool sense of the indifferent, not to say prejudiced, public would have better secured the desired end.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps thinks it is very easy to account for woman's weakness and general good-for-nothingness when we consider what an intricate system of defiance to all known physiological laws her dress has become; the tender age at which this defiance begins, and the relentless pressure of it upon the formative and recuperative energies of the constitution; the murderous thinness and scantiness of her underdress; the effect of the absence of flannels, and the custom of baring the neck and arms, upon the sensitive tissues of the lungs and heart; the check to all even circulation of the blood and healthy condition of the skin inflicted by the imperfect and compressed covering of her feet and hands; the unhealthy heat of the head, consequent on the manner in which custom requires her to collect her hair into a wad of padding at the base of the brain; the clasp of a rack of steel and whalebone about all the vital organs of the body; the straight-jacket snap with which the seams of her dress meet about her shoulders, arms, and chest; the results inevitable upon making the hips the pivot upon which her heavy clothing is hung, and the fulcrum upon which all the motion of her body must swing in walking—if, indeed, we apply that term to the infantine toddle with which women are driven to get around about the world; above all, the unreasonable and cruel custom which compels her to drop heavy skirts about her lower limbs and feet, thus endangering her life on all occasions, her health on any but a dry summer day, and her self-reliance forever. We do not see woman as God made her but, as man and the devil and her own cowardice have made her! God never made such women as are cradling the next generation in this land to-day.

The author of the "Coming Race" lacked the necessary imagination and artistic power to make a first rate satire; but he succeeded in producing an ingenious and entertaining story, which beguiles and pleases the fancy of the reader without hitting his convictions hard enough to produce a shock. The world he discovered is under the crust of our own, and its inhabitants are sufficiently like ourselves to allow of comparison and sympathy. The women are socially equal, but physically superior to the men; but the girls are preferred for the duty of destroying hostile animals, as they are naturally more cruel and implicable under the influence of fear or hate. All arts and vocations allotted to one sex are open to the other, but the women claim a superiority in abstract and speculative branches of reasoning, for which men are too dull and matter of fact, "just as young ladies in our own world constitute themselves authorities in the subtlest points of theological doctrine, for which few men, actively engaged in worldly business, have sufficient learning or refinement of intellect." Women do the courting; and coy, distrustful, retiring men, slow to love and hard to be won, give their lovers considerable difficulty in pursuit. The marriage customs are peculiar, and deserve careful study by our modern social reformers and free-love doctrinives. The men bind themselves in wedlock only for three years, at the end of which time either party can demand a divorce and marry again. At the end of ten years, the man has the privilege of taking a second wife, allowing the first to retire if she pleases. Married life is wonderfully serene, divorces and polygamy are practically unknown, and there are no old maids—which delightful consummation may possibly lead not a few American women, who look on marriage as the end of existence, and would risk happiness here and heaven hereafter for the sake of getting any poor shuck of a husband, to wish that the "coming race" were actually here, or that they, like our author, could drop through the crust of the earth among the serene inhabitants of the under-world.

WOMEN AT WATERING-PLACES.

A careless visitor at one of our gay summer resorts would hardly go deep enough below the surface to form the conclusion that American women, of a certain class, hold themselves cheap. At the first glance, they appear more expensive than the women of any other nation. They have larger diamonds, heavier stand-alone silks, lace of more cost, and in greater profusion, than European ladies of rank. It is only the well-instructed eye that, beneath all the moires, and cashmeres, and paint, reads oftentimes a very paltry price-mark. There is a certain abandon of extravagance and display to be met with at such places that makes simplicity a positive relief, and all this excess and profusion is the frame in which our luxurious womanhood is set.

The fact is established beyond cavil that our women of society are dear creatures; they are so frail, so fine, so rolled and folded in luxurious living, so hedged about with appliances, demand so much service, and such a large amount of money to keep them up, that only very rich men, according to the modern estimate of riches, can afford to offer them marriage. We look upon a man who is able to take a watering-place beauty and her wardrobe to himself, to own the whole of her and it, and to maintain her to the end of her natural life, very much as upon the favored few who eat unlimited asparagus and strawberries in December. The one idea that a girl, with all her furbelows thick upon her, suggests is expense; and yet we never see a thorough-paced damsel of this description without a sad sense of her cheapness. She may be a sylph in form, a syren in voice, and an angel in face, and time was, perhaps, when worthy men were led to ask her to be their life companion; but, latterly, the price of living has made a sensible advance, and luxury has increased until such men look and admire from a distance, but cannot hope to possess. A man of moderate means, honestly independent, might coin his very heart's blood into gold-pieces, and still fail to satisfy the demands of the vain woman of fashion. Men of discernment and sense know this to be the fact, and fight shy of the gorgeous creature when it comes to a question of marriage.

We often wonder what may sarcastically be termed the better-half of the married variety is like. He is so obscured by a remote background that the fancy pictures a meek, male drudge, toiling during the dog-days in the cob-webbed corners of a down-town office, impressed with the notion that life is a tremendous hoax, while his festive mate disports like a dragon-fly in the sun of fashion. The man who plays the part of husband in this comedy of errors may possibly be a gambler, a blackleg, a horse-jockey, or a political thief. He may live by the boldest method of stealing, and be strengthened in—nay, goaded to dishonest practices by a wife whose insatiate appetite for display, like the daughter of the horse-leech, perpetually cries, give. The jewels bought with this ill-gotten wealth make as distinguished a show as those purchased with cleaner money, and the presumption is that the larger diamonds one sees were the most doubtfully come by.

It seems almost incredible, and yet it is true, that there are women glad to earn a little cheap notoriety by the labor of changing their dresses five, six, even ten times a day. The absurd idea has occurred to us that the costume of these charmers falls off by degrees, until at evening the scantness of the muslin and silk about the shoulders explains the superfluity of the same upon the carpet.

We were standing, not long since, near a ball-room, watching, with a crowd of idlers, the rich and costly dresses that swept past us to the revel. There was a lavish exhibit of full-breathed feminine charms, which appeared to excite the disgust of a neighbor from the rural districts.

"Pat," we heard him exclaim, "I wonder if them women think men like to see their clothes falling off; if they do, they're big fools."

In spite of the blunt dogmatism of our country friend, we are pretty well convinced that many women who, no doubt deem themselves modest, do think this species of personal *expose* pleasing to men. Our girls have sharp eyes and nimble perceptions. They see the sensible high necks going to the wall, pushed aside by favored belles, who do not wince at a liberal display of neck and bosom. These never go unattended, and are engaged, many deep, for all the dances.

It is this art of tripping men on the lower plane, of appealing to the baser passions, so successfully studied at watering-places, which makes the thoroughbred of the *salon* and promenade so pathetically cheap. There is a race-course over yonder, where Longfellow is pitted against some other great equine celebrity, and here is another race-course, where belles of the season go in to win. If pools are not made up, and bets offered on their success, it is not for lack of interest in the sports. The Turkish woman-mart seems, in some sense, less revolting; for there the victims need not smile and smile as if they like it, and they are not self-offered. The immolation has at last the dignity of being compulsory.

At such places, girls squander the sweet, fresh purity of their youth, and the sanctities of their womanhood with the reckless hand of a spendthrift. The thoughtful observer feels that they are wasting themselves like precious *lachrima christi* poured into the ditch. They have much hay to make in a short and precarious season; for who ever heard of a watering-place belle retaining her belleship a second time? She knows the sceptre and ermine will belong to a new comer next year, and she knows the limbo to which second-hand belles are consigned to be the old clothes-shop of society. So, in the desperation of folly, she deforms her person with humps and panniers: she enamels, paints, powders, pads, laces, lives, moves, and has her being unhealthily, not to win a man of sense, for he is deaf and blind to her lures, but an ape-faced simpleton, or an old worldling, who has come with his money bags ready to buy a young wife.

Society has been as cruel in its way to these women, who eternally dress and promenade, dance and prance, ogle and simper, on hotel piazzas, as to the poor Magdalen upon the streets.

It has not only degraded them in intellect, but mulcted them in the pure feminine element, by robbing them of self-reverence. It has taught them that marriage of some sort is the only salvation. A man must be duped, beguiled, wheedled, deluded into giving them his name and purse. He may be smitten with the leprosy of moral uncleanliness; but he will do for a husband—anything that possesses money will do for a husband. They must cut down the shade trees, and level the hedges, and smooth away the sweet, enfolding hills of their women nature, to make an easy, common highway, for their charms to the matrimonial mart. Talk of strong-minded women unsexing themselves! There are more offenses committed against the great common law of the feminine soul—more violations of the sweetness, delicacy, purity, and self-respect, that make woman more careless of good sense and good taste, to be seen in one day at a great watering-place—than ever were committed by all the strong-minded advocates since female strong-mindedness began. The impression a thoughtful mind gains is, that women are perishing for lack of a true self-salvation. Palpably, they hold themselves too cheap. The wretched, heart-sickening disclosures of divorce-courts spring from the fact that they are perpetually sacrificing their birth-right of a pure, self-ownership, to the Moloch of base marriages. It is after a faithful study of the watering-place type of woman that we appreciate the full meaning of this great movement for the elevation of the sex. What would become of women without the salt of these new ideas sprinkled abroad? If the idle, vain, bad, dissipated life of a watering-place, marks on the tally one point of woman's degradation, the thoughts that breathe, and words that burn from the most advanced women of the time, mark the heights of her nature, and the existence of the last shall render possible the redemption of the first.

COUNTRY LIFE.

From Mrs. Henriette Field's, Stockbridge address we take the following very truthful and suggestive paragraphs:

"To be born in the country is a great advantage. Not only it prepares the strength and health of the body, but it begins the moral and intellectual development in the right direction. Nature is an admirable teacher, and she has lessons for all ages; she speaks to the imagination of the child with as much power as to that of the poet and the artist. At the outset in the young life, truth and simplicity are the foundations of the character.

"And as to the training of the mind, the *district school*, with its inexorable levelling democratic spirit, is, I am inclined to think, the most favorable beginning of education. It has a rough strength which tells well on the character. With no smoothing of difficulties, no false pretence, it asks from the child what his good sense tells him at once is of absolute necessity for his success in life.

"We go very wrong in the city in this matter of elementary education. The poor, little city scholar cannot, as well as his country cousin, comprehend the necessity of his task. Why, he asks, learn this French jargon, or thrum a piano for hours? Do we half the time know ourselves? And when we see in the child indication of great talent, we often put on such a high pressure that we destroy the germ in the bud. While in the mind of the sturdy, free child of the country, it slumbers and grows in silence, and bursts forth at last in all its vigorous individuality; for in this country

opportunities for this development are never wanting.

"In the village school a girl learns what is absolutely essential; she is inspired with no morbid or exaggerated ambition. If of dull limited faculties, she is contented with her lot; harmonious and healthy in every point, she is prepared for her humble work in life, and will do it well. But if her ambition is quickened, it is in the right direction—on no false pretence, but on the strength of her character, and based on her love for knowledge. She does not dream of being an accomplished woman of society, or of writing for magazines,—she wants to learn for the sake of knowledge itself; for society has not yet tempted her—has not offered her a stage for the display of a frivolous vanity.

"I have known some of these brave New England girls—and such I have seen nowhere else—who worked two or three years in a factory to earn the means for better schooling; who taught patiently for a paltry salary so as to secure better opportunities of instruction. They were in the right path. They had still a great deal to learn, but very little to *unlearn*.

"'Oh!' said to me one day a pretty girl of New York, speaking of a youthful millionaire, 'these young men give us boquets, escort us to the Park, or to the Opera; but they love and marry country girls!' And *I* said, 'They are right!'

"But the time comes when all that is at an end; when outside of affection there is no more to gain, nothing to do, but to sit still and to grow old—and the country is the place for a woman *to grow old gracefully*. Age comes to her almost unconsciously. There are charming old women everywhere. In fact, I begin to think that woman is never so charming as when she enters the twilight of her life. But the transition is difficult; some remain too long on the sunny side, some leave it too soon.

WOMEN IN JOURNALISM.

Since the days of Miss Austin and Maria Edgeworth, women have assumed a new role in literature, and developed a rich field wherein to work and reap successfully. Long after they had usurped the place of men, as novelists and light essayists, it was deemed out of the sphere of even a literary woman to aspire to journalism. Female possessors of that not inconsiderable trifle, known as genius, were excused, if by reason of that possession they wrote and published. But then they were, perforce, compelled to proclaim to the world, periodically, that they were faithful in the discharge of every duty; that they scrubbed and baked, swept and dusted, just as the most ordinary among the race, and even by this gracious behavior barely escaped persecution.

Poor little Miss Mitford ignored her gift until poverty necessitated exertion, and then apologized for being compelled to earn her subsistence with her pen. Charlotte Bronte saw through her intuitions the dawn of a new era in the career of women, and, alone and unaided, worked with that faith born of great souls. As has been said, "Her imagination foreshadowed the emancipation of her sex, and the good she has done her kind can hardly be estimated until the thousands of minds her widely-read books have influenced in latent forms are prepared to give utterance to the views she awakened." Fredericka Bremer but partly appreciated her literary ability, and never displayed the heroism she repeatedly discovered in private life. It was something to be a writer in those earlier days of authorship, and none knew better than this Swedish novelist; but even with her it was a constant source of pain and anxiety. Timid and distrustful of her own powers, she went on from year to year writing, because of the desire of her soul to give utterance in this way, but never because she was proud of her powers, or thankful to develope them.

Margaret Fuller, in her superior strength, recognized the vast opportunity afforded talent in journalism, and she is to American women, particularly, the pioneer of the movement of her sex in this direction. In her footsteps many have followed; and, to-day, in this country alone, there are a vast number of women earning subsistence by writing for the press.

Few are eminent in this field as yet, because they have not worked it sufficiently; but that there will be rich harvesting, by and by, none can doubt who are aware of the studies made by many women in the last few years. Success to their every effort until they write it unmistakably upon their banners, and add new lustre to the name of woman.

BALLET GIRLS AND BALLOT GIRLS.

Probably the staunchest opponents of woman suffrage are to be found among the common-place men of the world, whose view of this terrestrial sphere is that it is a good, ripe orange, especially prepared for their personal squeezing. Whatsoever things tend to the apparently highest delectation of themselves and men like them are the things that suit them. All the good old ways are blessed in their estimation. Everything new is annoying. These world's men cannot find anything amiss in the doings of women of the old school of theatricals, for instance. Ballet girls, half-clothed, disporting themselves before the foot-lights, are eminently proper persons—the right women in the right place. They are within the limits of woman's sphere so long as they do not go near enough to the foot-lights to set their gauze on fire (no matter what fiery gaze they may attract). The "spectacular drama" is with these worldly-wise men a most unexceptionable institution, and the ballet girls an indispensable part of it. Such spectacles are proper entertainments for their highly proper wives and daughters. They do no harm to individuals or to the nation, or to any of those engaged in their setting forth.

But ballot-girls! Heavens! such creatures would rapidly become demoralized themselves, and would demoralize all with whom they came in contact.

TO MY WIFE'S SILVER POPLAR.

OUR TWENTY-SIXTH WEDDING-DAY.

Dear silver-poplar, yonder on the lawn,
  Planted to please my darling's sober eyes,
While she lies quiet as a marble faun,
  I see her spirit quivering in thy sighs.

Slender and pale, thou modest Quaker tree,
  Thou feelest every breath, the summar draws;
And thy thin fingers, delicate to see,
  Like hers, are trembling without seeming cause.

Oh, nervous aspen! teach me how they roll,—
  Those unseen currents in the heart's abyss;
Ruffling the downy feathers of a soul
  Plumed for a softer atmosphere than this.

The breeze has passed; thy beauty seems to die;
  Is there no flutter in my darling's breast?
Wake, wind! the silver lining must not lie
  Hidden in stillness. Wake! though to unrest.

These six and twenty years, my wedded bride,
  I've watched the lights and shadows in thy path,
Thou trembling aspen, planted by my side,
  Thou quivering spirit, fluttering around my heart.

No longer will I say that thou art sick
  To feel each motion that I cannot feel;
The poplar tells me heaven hath made the quick
  And aching with a life to me unreal.

Why should the sturdy pine, that stiffly heaves
  Only before the winter's surly blast,
Despise the aspen's right to raise its leaves
  While the least breathings of the summer last?

Wake, then, beloved! Ope those curtained eyes,
  E'en though a tear may tremble in their beams,
I'll love my aspen better for her sighs,
  My silver poplar for her quivering limbs.

And, darling wife, the silver in thy hair,
  That tells me thou'st been mine these many years,
Is lovelier than the tresses of thy care,
  Ere thou hadst known, or sadness, time, or tears,

—*Old and New.*

Grace Greenwood writes charming letters from the West. In her last she gives a delightful sketch of Greeley, the new city in Colorado. She says: "The women of Greeley seem to me to have great spirit and cheerfulness. Yet I felt that with their new, strange, wild surroundings—the illimitable vastness of earth and sky—with new labors and hardships, and deprivations and discomforts—with the care of all the ditchers that cometh upon them daily, they must be discontented, unhappy, rebellious; and I tried to win from them the sorrowful secret. I gave them to understand that I was a friend to the sex, ready at any time, on the shortest notice, to lift up my voice against the wrongs and disabilities of women—that I deeply felt for wives and daughters whom tyrant man had dragged away from comfortable Eastern homes, neighborly cronies, and choice Gospel, and shopping privileges. But the perverse creatures actually declared that they were never so happy and so healthy as they are here, right on the edge of the great American Desert—that they live in the sure hope of soon having more than the old comforts and luxuries around them—that, in short, the smell of the "flesh-pots of Egypt" has gone clean out of their nostrils. In fact, I find Colorado women everywhere on mountain or plain, in town or ranche, singularly courageous and cheery, and I think that the cause, in great part, lies in their excellent health. The pioneer women of Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois, had, in their time, to endure similar hardships and privations, with ague and fevers thrown in. The spirit shook with the body; when the liver gave out the heart soon failed."

"If I were suddenly asked to give a proof of the goodness of God to us, I think I should say that it is most manifest in the exquisite difference He has made between the souls of women and men, so as to create the possibility of the most comfortable and charming companionship that the mind of man can imagine."—*Arthur Helps.*

Notes About Women.

—Black silk aprons are coming into fashion again.

—The ex-Empress Eugenie has started for Madrid.

—Mrs. Lincoln's health has been failing ever since the death of her son.

—Mrs. Myra Gaines has sold her $125,000 claim against New Orleans for $39,000.

—A hundred years ago a woman was burned at the stake in Europe, on the charge of having made a compact with the devil.

—The close-cut coat-sleeve, with an open or flowing sleeve, will be a favorite style this winter, particularly for outdoor garments.

—At the State Teachers' Association in Iowa, Aug. 30, Miss Emma Quintrel, of Sioux City, delivered a fine address on primary education.

—Woman suffrage is making progress even in the West Indies. The Governor of the Island St. Vincent has put his radical ideas into practice by appointing a Madame Checkley to the position of Register General of the Island.

—A lady at Long Branch excites a great deal of amusement by taking her daily bath in the ocean, arrayed in a water-proof bathing suit, India Rubber shoes, and oil-skin cap, India rubber gloves, and a wire mask over her face.

—Two sisters, a Mrs. Eldred and a Mrs. Barton, aged respectively 93 and 95, who had always been together as much as possible, recently died, within two hours of each other, at Baldwinsville, in this State, and were buried in one grave.

—Grace Greenwood says that, in Colorado, nature seems resolved to make up for lost time by producing flowers in matchless profusion and brilliance of coloring, but sends them out in such haste that she forgets to scent them.

—A grand-nephew of Napoleon and a granddaughter of Daniel Webster were married last Thursday, at Newport, in the Catholic Church. The lady is a Protestant, and a special dispensation was procured from the Pope to allow her marriage with a child of the Church.

—Humboldt College, situated in Northern Iowa, is the first instance of women being appointed on the board of trustees for a college. This college is founded on unsectarian principles, and open on equal terms to young men and young women. The first class commences in September.

—Gen. Butler, in his recent speech at Worcester, reaffirmed, in the most emphatic manner, his opinion that the XIVth and XVth amendments confer the right of suffrage on women; and his declaration, "I say women have the right to suffrage whenever they choose to demand it," was received with enthusiastic applause.

—Mrs. Gould's Protestant School in Rome is well attended. She began with two children three months ago, and there are now sixty little pupils learning to read and write, and sing little hymns in Italian. Mrs. Gould does not seek out the children. She opened the school, and their parents sent them willingly, in spite of the opposition of one or two priests.

—Iowa University has, beside the classical and scientific courses, the medical, normal, and law schools, all open to women. In all the State schools, women have equal opportunities to learn with men, but not being members of the State, of course, have no voice in the management or control of them, except where counties have elected women as Superintendents of Public Schools. If she can be elected to a county office, is she not a member of the State, and therefore entitled to the ballot?

—Mrs. P. A. Hanaford writes: "I had a delightful visit; found Mrs. Burleigh engaged, heart and soul, in her work, and became assured that she had found her place. I heard her, Sabbath morning, in Brooklyn, in her own very modest church, and in the afternoon at Danielsonville, in the Methodist Church, where she had been invited to deliver her sermon on 'The Ministry of Sin.' I was very glad to hear this noble sermon. The crowded house listened to it breathlessly, and I am sure it must have carried cheer and encouragement to many."

—The Chinese are very fond of decorating their apparel with written characters. This ornament is usually put on the large cuffs attached to the sleeves of the females, on their little shoes, on children's clothes, on the tobacco-pouches and fan-cases of the men, and on the ends of their girdles. One of the prettiest instances of this conceit is the baby-cap everywhere noticeable upon the heads of respectably dressed children. Here are two specimens: on the one is the inscription, 'Long life, wealth and honor;" on the other the sentence, "A safe passage through all critical periods and obnoxious influences."

—Grace Greenwood says that if you question Colorado settlers, anywhere, about those pests of the plains, alkali and rattlesnakes, they will answer like Michigan people about fever and ague, and Mississippi River people about mosquitoes: "None here, but a little further on; look out." I always inquire about the rattlesnake, for the subject, like the reptile, has for me a fearful fascination. I came out to this Territory with almost a foreknowledge that I should encounter one on his native heath. I never see a prairie-dog, sitting at the door of his little house, without thinking of the horrible parlor-boarder below."

—Mrs. Henriette Field says that if woman chafes under the inevitable monotony of country life, is that alone the cause of her unquietness? Woman has too much time for thought—time which in a man is absorbed by the routine of a profession; and this surplus of mental activity she gives to *dreams*, the fallacy of which a larger experience of the world would prove to her. Given certain circumstances, she plans life according to her fancy. If in the country, she pines for a place in the busy world; while she who is disappointed *there*, sighs for the solitude and repose which she thinks would give her that something, always alluring woman, always escaping her.

—Mrs. Antoinette B. Blackwell does not believe that the American woman is running out. She claims that the health of the intellectually working-women of the last twenty years, in this country, is quite on a par with that of men; and says, "Mrs. Child, with her unresting, earnest, graceful pen, which has instructed and delighted the nation for these forty years, has yet so judiciously balanced all this with household duties, that, to-day, she is a comely, portly matron, who may be put forward with pride as a bright exemplar to either sex. Lucretia Mott, at eighty, after a long life of many activities, retains, to-day, the same vigorous mind in the still beautiful body."

—It will not do to believe everything good one reads, even of Boston; but we hope it is true that some sensible women in that goodly city have come to the conclusion that it is high time for the rising generation of young "ladies" to be initiated into the mysteries of that which their grandmothers knew, *i. e.*, the art of housekeeping, instead of living in a state of profound ignorance of the accomplishments of the kitchen. Now and then a young married woman is met with who can make good bread and peel potatoes as well as play on the piano and practice the mysteries of the toilette, but such are not very plenty hereabouts, at least. The idea of a school for housekeepers is not a new one, but the project of establishing such a school is in excellent hands.

—Jennie June, in one of her fashion letters, says: "Nearly all American women have a preference for clear single colors, a *penchant* which is a proof of their good taste, and which has been encouraged by the modern fashion of complete suits. The appreciation of the possibilities of the Scotch plaids is, however, growing year by year, and must already have assumed large proportions to warrant the cost and quantity of the importers of these fabrics. The "Princess" Metternich poplin, the silk and wool velour, the velour armure, the diagonal serge, the satine, the matelaise, and the sable, are the prominent styles in the rich plaids, and the velvet effects are produced by the one of two colors only, black, and another, green, blue, brown or buff, in combination shades, or buff or simply black and white; the latter is always well worn."

—Not long ago, a rich widower, bordering on sixty, without children, married a widow, a few miles up the Hudson river, having thirteen children, some of the older ones being married. His wife died over thirty years ago, and during that time he kept aloof from society, devoting himself entirely to business. When, therefore, he was married into the bosom of a family, all of whose members endeavored to make it as agreeable and pleasant as possible for him, he experienced the most agreeable emotions, and became a decidedly happy man. The other day, one of his acquaintances here in New York jokingly asked him how it seemed to be surrounded with thirteen children, all drawing support from him. "I wish to the Lord there were thirteen more of them," was the immediate reply.

—At the funeral of Mrs. Robert Dale Owen, her husband made a graceful and touching address, paying the very highest tribute to her character and worth. In the course of his remarks, he said: "I do not believe—and here

I speak also for her whose departure from among us we mourn to-day—I do not believe more firmly in these trees that spread their shade over us, in this hill on which we stand, in those sepulchural monuments which we see around us here, than I do that human life, once granted, perishes never more. A death change there is, often terrible to witness, leaving us behind desolate and forsaken for a few years on earth, but no death. We never go down to the grave. We cannot be confined within the tomb. It is a cast-off garment—sacred, indeed, as are all mementoes which memory connects with those we have loved and lost—but yet it is only a cast-off garment, encoffined, to which are paid the rites of sepulture."

—A Miss Taggart, of Indianapolis, who was in Paris during the war, pursuing her musical studies, had a chance to study some other things. She says that about six weeks after the first siege had commenced, the lady of the house at which she was boarding, with some thirty others, remarked to her "tenants" that they soon would have to eat horse and other animal flesh, as the supply of beef was rapidly decreasing. They all begged her not to tell them when they began to eat it, as they feared they would not be able to overcome their repugnance at the idea of such food. The landlady gratified their wish, and it was not until a week or ten days had passed that they knew that they had been living on "new meat." Miss Taggart found it not only palatable but pleasant. Mule meat was very nice, tasting like fresh, juicy beef; horse flesh was good, but not so tender; cats were really excellent, and when served up with rabbit could not be distinguished from it.

—The *Mail* relates that a number of young ladies, school teachers of New York city, are spending their vacation at a somewhat pretentious sea-side hotel on Long Island, and have been in the habit of participating in the parlor "hops," which, of course, constitute an important feature of the evening's diversion. But at a recent fashionable arrival in the person of a lady, who is wealthy enough to buy out the whole establishment, caused a change in the programme. This lady objected to association with school teachers, and the latter were requested to refrain from joining in the dance; and like sensible young ladies they preserved their own dignity by refusing to enter into a controversy with the lady of "many stamps." But the circumstance coming to the knowledge of the landlord, he laid the subject before a lady guest of superior intelligence and high position, who speedily reversed the order of the dancing parties, and the name of the lady who objects to the society of school teachers has been dropped from the roll of the fair revellers who assemble at the parlor "hops" in that hotel.

—At the commencement of the Iowa State University this year, the very elegant appearance of the club rooms of the literary societies excited universal admiration. The two large rooms were both covered with beautiful Brussels carpet. During the afternoon, the ladies occupy them, and in the evening the gentlemen. At commencement it was a delightful resort for the guests and for promenade. These rooms had a decided home look, suggesting refinement and culture because of the presence and skill of the lady students, and because these young men and women met as fellow learners and workers. It would seem that those God put together in families were made to be educated together. No man with such associations connected with his college days would be apt to leave his home for barren bar-rooms, or seek literary companionship without his wife. Being accustomed to the society of the intelligent girls, he would not be caught by the first helpless doll that looked at him, but find a wife who could aid him in realizing and continuing in their home what their society rooms suggested and commenced.

—Every one is anticipating a return to the three-story and coal-scuttle bonnets; but there are two reasons against it. One is the fact that ladies are still wearing abroad the small bonnets of last year; the other that intelligent milliners must be aware that they cannot afford to give such odds to the round hat. Twenty years ago round hats were hardly known. It was the big bonnet, or nothing, for the girls of seventeen as well as the women of seventy. After round hats were introduced, the bonnets were cut down until they became mere head-dresses, and the woman of seventy had really less covering for her head than the girl of seventeen. What we want now, in addition to the round hats, is at least two distinctive styles in bonnets; one crowning with grace and beauty the still youthful head of the matron, the other quite protective for the woman past middle age. The round hat is now an established and very useful fact. An absurdly large or monstrously ugly bonnet can never again obtain a foothold, because there are always the pretty and convenient round hat to fall back upon. A "cottage" bonnet of a very pretty and convenient shape, and a soft cap, crowned style, with rim and curtain, are in preparation. The Gypsy has almost disappeared.

—W. H. Medhurst has given a lecture in England on the Curiosities of Street Literature in China, in which he tells of a card, the most extraordinary one he ever received. It was that of a lady giving him notice that she intended committing suicide at a specified date. She was young, attractive, and wealthy. Unfortunately her betrothed died just before the nuptials, and she gave out that she deemed it her duty not merely to regard herself as perpetually widowed—a sacrifice considered as highly meritorious in China—but to die with her affianced husband; she, therefore, sent cards round to all her friends, intimating the intention alluded. No attempt was made by her relatives, or by the local authorities, to frustrate her design; the general opinion, on the contrary, being that she was about to perform a most praiseworthy act. On appealing to the mandarins, they assured Mr. Medhurst, that in deference to popular prejudice, they must abstain from interference. Eventually, on the day indicated, she did deliberately sacrifice her life in the presence of thousands. A stage was erected in the open fields, with a frame over it, from which was suspended a strip of scarlet crape. One end of this she adjusted over her neck, she let fall a veil of similar material over her face, and, mounting a chair, jumped off it, her little hands "*chin-chinning*" the assemblage, as her fast failing frame twirled round with the tightening cord.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton says that to simply propagate our kind is a mere animal function that we share in common with the beasts of the field; but when, in self-denial, a pure, chaste, beautiful life, obedient to every law of soul and body, a mother can give the world one noble, healthy, happy man or woman, a perpetual blessing in the home, the church and the State, she will do a better work for humanity than in adding numbers alone, with but little regard for quality. What should we think of an artist who should occupy the heyday of his life, straining every nerve to fill miles of galleries with hump-backed, crooked-legged statuary, huge, gloomy landscapes, with prim foliage, lakes and clouds like geometrical figures, and men and women like trees walking? We should say he might better have passed his time in Italy, studying the old masters, cultivating his taste, and then have produced one beautiful painting or marble statue that would have made him immortal. If thought and preparation for such results is so desirable, how much more in the creation of beings that suffer the penalties of all our violations of law; and yet here, where the consequence of ignorance and thoughtlessness are so terrible and far-reaching, wise men and women leave everything to chance, and in the midst of vice, poverty, sorrow and disappointment, make Providence the scape-goat for their follies and misfortunes.

It is foolish to attempt to keep a restaurant with only the arrangements suited to a small family. The peace of many a family is destroyed by attempting impossibilities.

Homekeeping requires that the woman's heart and wisdom be greater than her house, and that she keeps the house, only that in it, life can be lived with love and truthfulness.

Mrs. Eliza B. Burns publishes, in the last number of the *American Journal of Phonography*, several letters written by editors, professional men, and insurance officers, all establishing the fact that the art of short-hand writing is admirably adapted for women, and that, with ordinary intelligence, it can be made available after eight months' study. Stenographic amanuenses are compensated according to their capacity, and we have yet to hear of one who has not earned, when regularly employed, from $600 to $1,000 a year, easily. Edward F. Underhill, who is considered the father of the present system of official short-hand reporting, says of lady reporters that they are skillful and competent; as much so as men in the same line of business, and that there is an increasing demand for them in lawyers' offices, commercial houses, corporations, etc., to act as corresponding clerks. Mr. Devine, a phonographer, says, "As to the ability of women to become short-hand amanuenses, I am quite satisfied that it is, at least, quite equal to that of men. I have employed a great many persons in this capacity, and my experience, briefly stated, is only one of the large number of men whom I have employed has been as competent, or generally satisfactory, as the *least competent of the ladies*." Ladies, here is a chance for you, wherein you may reap successfully, and we would not be the friend of American women if we *did not* urge them to investigate the merits of phonography as a life pursuit.

Contributions.

PUT US IN YOUR PLACE.

BY LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

The opponents of woman suffrage have sometimes declared that the so-called weaker sex is by nature incompetent for the exercise of the high privileges of political life, and if, perchance, any woman does blunder in her public career, there are plenty of amiable journalists to cry out, "I told you so!" Let us for a moment suppose that women should do as men do, what then must be said?

Imprimis: Fault has sometimes been found with the proceedings of woman suffrage meetings as lacking in parliamentary decorum, and funny reporters have been found to say, that "Woman-like, they all talked at once." Woman-like, indeed! They had better have said man-like! Only for one moment imagine that a suffrage convention were to be carried on like a session of the lower house of Congress! A good many, even of us silly sisters, have been there, and know what a wild scene of confusion there is in that political bear garden. One man may be seen shouting and screaming in a voice that seems to come from the roof of his mouth, while his fellow legislators are talking together without paying the slightest heed to the orator. Should we ever hear the last of it, if, during a meeting of the New York Woman Suffrage Association, Miss Anthony should deliver an harangue while all the rest of us, instead of listening with respectful attention, should be chattering in audible tones each one with her neighbor?

I have been this summer many times to the village church on a Sunday. On every occasion I have seen outside a dozen farmers who spent the hour of the service in gossiping with each other, leaving their wives and daughters to do their worshipping for them. What would be said if as many women were to occupy their places on some fine Sabbath with newspapers, or chat and while away the time usually passed in church? Would not the whole community be scandalized?

A friend of mine, a remarkably intelligent woman, tells me that she was once at a State fair where the man who had been appointed inspector of *sewing machines* came to her in great distress; said he, "I don't know one sewing machine from another. I never have examined one in my life; do tell me something about them." It never occurred to those giving the office that a woman could probably be found more competent for it than any man. But what would they have said had the tables been turned, and all the appointments been in the hands of a board of ladies, who had selected an incompetent woman as judge of mowing machines?

Finally, only imagine that Mrs. Stanton equaled Mr. Greeley in the force and vigor of the expletives with which she adorned her conversation. Would not the *Tribune* be the first to write an editorial to prove that Mrs. Stanton's profanity was the direct result of her desire to vote?

It is well to look a little at the relation between cause and effect. Said a lady lately, "I was a strong advocate of woman suffrage; but since the women in Paris have behaved so badly I have changed my man." The natural result of her proposition would be to deny the ballot to both sexes, since her syllogism runs somewhat thus: "The women of Paris have behaved badly, therefore women ought not to vote;" which would naturally be followed by the corresponding statement: "The men of Paris behaved badly, therefore men ought not to vote."

That was a wise remark of the old philosopher that "human nature is poor stuff;" but let not the errors of women be held to debar them from political enfranchisement when the crimes of men are no barrier.

DIPPING AND CHEWING.

BY LAURA C. HOLLOWAY.

Few people are aware of the extent to which gum-chewing, snuff-dipping and morphine eating are practiced by the women in this country. While the Southern lady dips her snuff and the Western belle eats morphine, the Northern woman takes arsenic for her complexion and chews gum.

Thus the material, as is seen, is different in different localities, but the wide-spread prevalence of these pernicious habits are undeniable, and the results are disastrous to the health and morals of the sex.

Said a medical man the other day, "What would you think should I tell you that a delicate, sickly female patient of mine eats more than a pound of morphine in a fortnight?" And then, in answer to our look of surprise, he assured us that is was true. "The practice of years," he said, "had ceased to affect her system seriously, and she experienced no discomfort in taking at a time sufficient to kill a novice. Nor is she an isolated case; there are many more," he added.

The use of drugs is not confined to what are known as the poorer classes of society; but it is common to the higher and more respected circles. The anathemas of the Puritan preachers have long been hurled at the snuff-dippers of the South, unmindful of the equally pernicious and repulsive habit of their own mothers and sisters. While deploring both, no less than the Western habit of balsam eating, it is but right to treat the practice more as a national than a sectional misfortune.

Ladies whose dress and manners indicate refinement in other things chew incessantly in conversation; and in their rides or walks, on the avenues or in the church, the inevitable quid is made to do duty, and the mouths of women move with regular, monotonous motion as they bow to acquaintances or listen to sermons. In the society of their own sex, they are perfectly unreserved, and hand around the ever present supply kept for company. Some have a habit of rolling the morsel in their fingers, and pulling it in fantastic shapes while they are occupied in talking. Such, in a few words, is the acquired habit of gum-chewing. With the Southern manner of dipping snuff many are familiar from hearsay if not from actual observation, as some may be ignorant of the *modus operandi*, it will not be amiss to explain that the snuff is conveyed to the mouth by means of a stick which has been chewed until it comes to be a species of brush. The chewed end is wet in the mouth, then rolled in the snuff, and thence carried to the mouth where it is rolled about and chewed with the end of the stick.

The effect upon the system is much the same as that of tobacco, though, perhaps, if anything, owing to the sedentary life led by most females, is more pernicious.

Men chew and smoke with little regard to time or place, but snuff-dipping is practiced by its votaries in secret. Young ladies who are addicted to the use of snuff seek to disguise the fact in various ways, and guard the secret with the greatest care. They cause the snuff to be scented with oil of burgamot or some other of the essential oils, so that the smell of the drug cannot linger upon their breath.

Morphine-eating is practiced by its devotees in the South and West extensively. The poison books of local druggists fill up rapidly with the register of those who procure this drug and its sister—laudanum. Morphine is, as it were, the essence of opium. One-eighth of a grain is considered a dose in Germany and France, but here a grain is usually given. Think now of a delicate woman taking thirty grains of this drug in one day, and yet there are women who take as much—enough to kill ten well men.

What a field of speculation does all this open up, and what is to be done to stop the growth of these insiduous habits?

CHURCH AND STATE.

BY M. N. ADAMS.

It is taken for granted that as governments have only been so conducted as to give play to such powers as men possess, that, therefore, politics are fitted only for men. The religion that did recognize woman very soon found that she could find a work to do where none had been prepared for her. By taking her other half, Christianity has multiplied its forms, and improved till it bids fair to vitalize the world.

Judaism, when it excluded women, confined religion to jurisprudence, to the recollection of Scripture, observance of the letter, and their pre-eminence and distinctions because of their title.

Their regard for their gowns and their trimming was so great as to cause lengthy discussions. Excluding women did not exclude vanity. So soon as women had a legitimate place, we find the quickening influence of spirit. A practical loving element was introduced into religion, and in proportion as woman is recognized, is religion brought to the home as the sacred place—not confined to a consecrated synagogue. God dwells in life, not temples made with hands.

A large part of the work in the State is woman's work. The Republic has separated the Church from the State; but it has taken from the Church, in which women have ever felt they should find their sphere of work, the humanitarianiam and educational department. They have taken the work from the Church but excluded women from the State. If they persist in keeping these departments, must they not admit women to legitimate membership? It is a great advantage for the State to administer these, for it attaches a people to their nation, and brings the State to be associated as an aid—a comforter—not a force against he wishes or good of the whole people. It is the natural thing for a government of the people. and for the people to control

these; but these are departments particularly fitted for women. Will they give them back to the Church, or admit women to the State—the national family?

THE PSALM OF LIFE.

BY MARY ROGERS.

In Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" there is much that meets our common need. The lines,

> "Be not like dumb driven cattle,
> Be a hero in the strife!"

like martial music to the soldier on the eve of conflict, inspire with courage and enthusiasm, and ever incite to new endeavors. They are peculiarly applicable to the present movement for the emancipation of woman. This movement is a protest against the customs and prejudices which, through all the centuries, have chained and fettered her faculties, and cramped her spirit, making it impossible for her to realize her destiny, or even to accomplish much that is worthy and grand.

This movement is an assertion that she belongs to the State and to the world, as well as to the family—that she belongs to herself and not to man. It is a demand for freedom of thought and development, motives for action, and breadth of life. By dauntless zeal, and constant, untiring effort, woman is winning a welcome in the arts, sciences, and professions, and she is gradually uttering her thoughts on questions of policy which affect legislation, and soon will be a legislator. There can be no perfect civilization until her voice is heard in the councils of the nation, and her influence blends with that of man in all departments of life.

We live in an age of progress, and a country of liberal institutions. There is no excuse for those who dare be idlers. Women, as well as men, should feel that true work is worship; that we are under an obligation to make the most of our powers and opportunities, and should wage an unceasing warfare with all that keeps us from our highest and best. We should have a lofty ideal, and be ever true to ourselves, and true to humanity. The time requires us to take our place among the world's workers; and in whatever chosen field of labor, under whatever standard, struggle patiently and heroically for success until it is secured. We have dangers to overcome, trials to meet, foes to conquer, and nothing but a courage that rises up to heroism will fit us for our work, and ensure the victory.

There is a peculiar pleasure in contemplating the achievements of the great, the noble, and the brave. We delight to stand in imagination with mighty conquerors on the world's battle-fields, where thousands have died for liberty. Every heroic deed of the past is a new call and incentive to the women of America to day. We want courage—the courage to break the fetters of fashion, to trample bad customs under foot, to strike out new courses of thought and action, to dare and to be. Every evil that afflicts us owes its existence to our cowardice; every wrong we suffer from is stamped with woman's weakness of will. The one want of the women of our country to-day, is courage to take a stand and utter their thought and act their purpose as equals of men. We must sing our psalm of life, gathering daily inspiration for daily duty in its stirring strains:

> "In the world's broad field of battle,
> In the bivouac of life,
> Be not like dumb driven cattle,
> Be a hero in the strife!"

IOWA, Aug. 28, 1871.

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

BY E. M. JOSLYN.

The great want of the world to-day is practical goodness, notwithstanding the surfeit of religious formulas and creeds. But how to attain it is the question. Back through the ages the great effort has been to *repair* instead of uprooting the evils of society, topping off a branch here and there from the parent tree lest existing institutions suffer a shock from more radical reform, consequently but little progress comparatively has been made, notwithstanding the increase of knowledge and intellectual power.

The true reformer will lay the axe at the root of the tree, despite its effect upon old institutions and ideas. Setting aside preconceived notions, then, and reasoning logically, we are led irresistably to conclude that, for the attainment of the highest degree of practical goodness, we must have a better stock of men and women. How shall such a stock be obtained? Let us pay the same attention to the laws of parentage that our intelligent American farmers are now giving to the rearing of cattle and horses; let the physiological laws governing the functions of reproduction be made a part of the education of every young man and woman; let the absurd and false delicacy, which prevents fathers and mothers from conversing freely with their children and *instructing* them upon these subjects be overcome; let the hitherto impenetrable vail of mystery, which has ever enshrouded from the young the *marital* relation, be intelligently raised, and the advance steps of progress in the right direction will have been taken, and a new era fraught with joy and happiness to the race inaugurated.

We live as yet in an animal age; and the best that can be said of our progress thus far is, that we have advanced to the state of intellectual animals. The moral nature is yet in abeyance. The very God we worship is one upon whom we reflect our own attributes, and who presides over the animal passions and instincts. Our religion is an animal religion, as its periodical ebbing and flowing aptly illustrates; and our very Bibles are interspersed with relations, which, if found in any other book, would shock the modesty of even the vulgar. In making these statements, I am aware that some will charge me with infidelity; but so long as anything is held too sacred for honest, earnest criticism, so long will its errors be perpetuated. Political and moral reform should go hand in hand; and while my countrywomen are boldly demanding suffrage, let me urge upon them the importance of studying their relations to the family and the State as wife and mother. In struggling for her rights, let woman reflect that the first, highest and most sacred of all rights is the right to herself; and, in exercising it, let her firmly, lovingly and resolutely determine to cease peopling the world with defective children. If the Bible command to "multiply and replenish the earth," has any force or authority, it means that the multiplication should be with healthy and Godlike men and women, and not with dwarfs, cripples and criminals. Were one-half the money which is yearly expended in the United States for the support of our almshouses, jails and penitentiaries, wisely appropriated in feeding, clothing and educating the children of the poor, the dissolute and the abandoned, more would be accomplished toward the suppression of vice and crime than by all these agencies. We need a little more of the old Spartan philosophy in these modern days. Well says Fanny Fern, "I believe, in 'children's rights;' and if parents neglect, or are unable to care properly for them, let the State interpose and by law compel protection and justice to them. They are an integral part of the State, and their relations to it are broader, deeper, more permanent and important than to their parents. From them all the various ranks are to be filled, all our great men and women, statesmen, philosophers and reformers are to be obtained. Again, all are but integers of one great whole, and so intimately connected that the highest happiness of one depends in good degree upon the happiness of all; hence the duty of the State to secure to them such treatment from the beginning, and during infancy and childhood, as shall favor a well-developed body and brain, and a thorough education, with all the refining influences of our highest civilization."

This subject of "children's rights," their relations to their parents and the State, and our duties and obligations toward them, is one of the greatest interest and importance to the entire race. To woman especially it appeals with all the peculiar force of her intuitive and maternal love. Before individuals and nations can attain to that harmony and happiness resulting from the possession and and exercise of a universal, practical goodness, we must go back to first principles and learn to rear and educate to maturity a pure and perfect race of men and women.

UPPER ALTON, ILL.

THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud—
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek,
Amid our worldly cares:
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred;
And palpitate the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

And in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see;
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently laid in loving arms,
To swoon to that—from this.

Scarcely knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us watch us still,
Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught—
A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general warfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3093, New York City. Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 14, 1871.

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT, AND THEIR FAMILY.

The two daughters of William and Mary Howitt have both a large share of the artistic tastes and intellectual ability which should be theirs by right of inheritance.

Anna Mary, the elder of the two, is not only a charming writer, but a clever painter. Her first book, the "Art Student in Munich," had a great success, both in England and in America—a success which it deserves for its freshness and its clear and vivid descriptions of artist life abroad.

To be sure, it painted Munich in a *coleur de rose* atmosphere, which is not the light the city wears in every one's eyes. The book lent a charm to the Bavarian capital, which made us long to visit it years before we set foot in the city which King Ludwig had done so much to beautify, in his desire to draw to it all students of art. But the sight of Munich was a disenchantment. The Munich of our imagination was not the Munich of reality.

When we met the author of the work which had so fascinated us, we told her of the disappointment which she had caused us, and she admitted that we were not alone in this complaint.

"My sister and my husband said the same thing," she answered, "and yet I wrote of all my experiences only the exact truth. But it was my first visit to a continental city, my first glimpse of foreign life, and the record of my first flight into the world by myself. Perhaps, unconsciously to myself, my own happiness in my work, and my enthusiastic enjoyment of my life in Munich, lent a glow to my descriptions, and a charm to the place with which others do not sympathize. In fact, my husband laughingly said to me, after visiting Munich, that I was 'the mother of picturesque reporting.'"

When Anna Mary Howitt, with a young lady friend, a student of music, went to Munich to study art, people stared and shook their heads gravely.

Public opinion was not then sufficiently advanced to comprehend a young girl's desire to devote herself to art as a profession, or to sympathize with that young girl's independence of spirit, which led her to wish to be self-supporting.

But William and Mary Howitt were in advance of their generation in liberal ideas. They respected and encouraged the brave and self-reliant spirit of their daughters, and gave her every facility for prosecuting her art studies. They believed that self-development was not only a right, but a duty in women as well as in men. Nor are they people to hold opinions without acting upon them; and the same consistency which led them to come out from the sect of Friends, when their own creed had grown too broad to be in accordance with the tenets they had formerly accepted, led them, also, to break through the conventional shackles of social custom, when their opinions no longer coincided with the generally received theories as to the education of their girls.

Nor have William and Mary Howitt, in their old age, dropped behind in the march of liberal ideas. In spite of their gray hairs, they have *not* grown conservative. Still, as ever, they receive all new ideas with a generous hospitality, and give even to the most advanced and progressive theories a fair and candid hearing.

Both of their daughters share this large liberalty of mind.

It is scarcely necessary to add that all the family are warm advocates for the rights of women. They are also of one accord in accepting spiritualism as a religious belief.

Anna Mary Howitt, now Mrs. Watts, is a fragile, spirituelle-looking woman, whose hair, prematurely gray, lends an additional delicacy to her pale and transparent complexion. In features, she resembles her father more than her mother, and, in manner, she is singularly gentle and winsome, of a cordial, enthusiastic and sympathetic nature. To see her is to be charmed by her, and it is not strange that she is adored by all those who know her best. Her husband, a clever and cultivated gentleman, sympathizes with her most heartily, in both her artistic tastes and her progressive ideas.

Margaret, the younger sister, is very unlike Mrs. Watts in person. Shorter in stature, and of more vigorous physique, she is the very embodiment of good health and good sense. Like most English girls, she is retiring and reserved in manner; but there is a quiet twinkle in her dark eyes, and a saucy smile about her lips, which betrays a keen sense of humor, that occasionally asserts itself in a droll remark, or keen and witty criticism.

Although still young, she has already made some ventures in the way of literary work, and her book, "A Year with Frederika Bremer," has been received with great favor, both by the critics and the public.

As the climate of England does not agree with Mrs. Howitt's health, she, with her husband and younger daughter, spend a great part of their time abroad.

Perhaps, in their travels, they may be induced to visit their American cousins, who would, we are sure, give them a warm welcome.

The aged pair have fought a good fight for the anti-slavery cause; for peace, they have ever been ardent advocates; for free thought, on all religious matters, as well as for free speech on all subjects, they have been eager and bold champions.

Aside from their literary work, which has made their names household words in our country, they are noble-souled, courageous, and outspoken advocates of every good cause, no matter how unpopular it may be; and take them all in all, they are such a man and such a woman as we all delight to honor. The life of Mary Howitt, pure, graceful, full of activity outside of the home-circle, and yet equally admirable within that charmed sphere, where she has shown herself one of the truest of wives, and best of mothers, is only another proof that an intellectual woman, who devotes herself to literary pursuits as a profession, may yet discharge all the domestic duties that devolve upon her in the most thorough fashion.

It is pleasant to see the aged couple, William and Mary Howitt, so happy in each other's society, so full of life and activity, and so heartily keeping step with their daughters in the rapid march of all the progressive ideas of this progressive century.

EMPLOYMENTS OF WOMEN.

Miss Lydia Becker read the following paper on some of the maxims of political economy, as applied to the employment of women and the education of girls, before the British Science Association, at its recent meeting in Edinburgh. The paper was well received, and sensibly criticised by two or three members, Lord Houghton among the rest. His Lordship remarked that a considerable portion of the painting in the Staffordshire Potteries was done by women, but he would gratify Miss Becker by the information that there was so much fear of the competition of women among the workmen that, while the men did their work with a rest for the arm, they only allowed the women to do it without a rest.

When we regard the various employments common to both sexes, by which persons gain a livelihood, we find one rule of almost universal application—namely, that when men and women are engaged in the same occupation, the remuneration of the women is fixed at a lower rate than that of the men. In some cases, this discrepancy arises from the fact that a man does more work in a given time than a woman, or, on account of his physical capabilities, he is able to perform more efficiently the portion of work which he undertakes. In such cases the excess of remuneration is the natural reward of superiority in quality or quantity of work. In other cases, the superiority in the remuneration of men's labor arises from the circumstances that it is educated and skilled labor, while that of women is uneducated or mechanical labor. Here the superiority in remuneration arises from superiority in the quality of the work; but the capacity to perform the superior work is naturally correlated, not to the sex, but to the education of the laborer; and with equal training and advantages, women would do as good work and deserve as high wages as men.

In other occupations, the work to be done is absolutely the same—the requirements demanded absolutely equal—yet the remuneration to be given to the woman-laborer is arbitrarily fixed at something like two-thirds only of that which is given to a man. This remark has special reference to teachers, school-masters, and school-mistresses, in public, elementary, and endowed schools. Women are said to be paid less because of the action of the law of supply and demand; but there would not be such a superabundant supply of school-mistresses compared to school masters, if women were not arbitrarily shut out from many remunerative, intellectual employments, in

which they are fully competent to engage. Women are excluded from employments they are eminently fitted for, such as the painting in the Staffordshire Potteries. We have had a conspicuous instance in this city (of Edinburgh) of the power of trades-unionism in preventing the entrance of women into one of the learned professions; and we find the rule that less must be given to a woman than to a man, prevailing, under circumstances, where it cannot be excused under the plea of the maxims of economic science.

In the table of conditions under which the Government will grant deferred annuities, we find that if a man and a woman of like age pay an equal premium for an annuity beginning at sixty years of age, the woman's annuity will be 33 per cent. less than that of a man. If it be alleged that this is because her expectation of life is greater, we turn to the tables for insuring their lives, and find that a woman has to pay exactly the same premium as a man of like age for an assurance on her life. As these tables are calculated on the probable expectation of life for persons of every age, we have a right to assume that, whatever may be the difference in value between a male and female life, it is so inconsiderable as not to be worth allowing for in calculating the premium on a life insurance policy.

We are, therefore, driven to the conclusion that the difference in the value of an annuity is owing to the notion that it is wrong to give a woman as much money as a man, even if she has paid the same consideration for it. There is another matter connected with the public educational provision for girls in which, as it seems to me, there is a violation of the principles of economic science, and of equality in regard to the two sexes—I mean the introduction of needlework as a compulsory subject for girls in public, elementary, and endowed schools. Without disparaging the importance of needle-work in the present condition of domestic economy, I maintain that it is a branch of industry, and not of learning; and that, while it may properly form part of the course of an industrial or technical school, it is out of place in an ordinary elementary school. If sewing were removed from the list of subjects taught in elementary schools, its place might be supplied by a subject which, while coming properly within the range of general education, would, perhaps, be even of more immediate importance to the well-being of families than even needle-work—I mean physiology and the laws of health. So long as dense ignorance prevails among the mothers of the race, we must expect a stunted and ill-developed generation to grow up. I grudge nothing that is being done to promote the intellectual development of the other sex; but I ask for my own an equal share in these advantages, in order to attain that end after which we are all striving—namely, that the whole people should become thoroughly educated.

SUCH AS THESE.

A while since we had a pleasant but earnest talk with a friend on woman's enfranchisement. He was decidedly opposed to it. It clashed with his habits of thinking, his conservative predilections, his æsthetic sense. The chivalry of his manhood, nursed into strength by polite attentions to beautiful women, craved an object, frail, lovely, dependent, truthful. He could not bear the idea of woman standing on her own feet, and living her own life as the equal of man in all legal and moral respects; and after running over the stereotyped arguments and objections to the proposed innovation, he pointed to a rather rough, bronzed, coarsely-clad German woman, just climbing a vegetable cart, and exclaimed in a tone of triumph, "Would you have your daughter such as these?"

We confess that, for the moment, we were confused by the unexpected sally; it was putting the argument in a new light; it was like the famous question with which the apologists for slavery used to clench their arguments, "Do you want your daughter to marry a nigger?" We could not reply, and permitted the vegetable woman to end our conversation.

A few days after this talk, we visited a friend on Long Island, and after dinner, and looking over his pleasant ground, he took us to a neighbor's house, where he had some business to attend it. It was a farm house, set in an immense garden; trees, vines, vegetables, everything indicated the best possible cultivation. There was neatness and order, as well as thrift, and the cultivated luxuriance of nature was a fitting frame-work for the home-like comfort, content, hospitality, and cheer of the household. Our friend was full of admiration, and told with glowing earnestness how, twenty years before, a pair of Germans hired that old, worn out farm; and husband and wife working together in the house, and field, and market, happy as two singing-birds in June all the season through, had thus saved enough to buy the farm, put it in the best condition, build a snug and really handsome homestead, reared three children in the best way, and saved a nice little property besides. But still the early habit was kept up. They both rose at four in the summer, and three days in the week the wife went to market with her husband, driving her own load and selling it in her own way.

We entered the large, cozy house. The daughter, a healthy, happy looking girl of eighteen, was playing on a piano in the well-furnished parlor. A boy of sixteen, a bright, intelligent lad as one often meets, laid down a book he had been reading. Father and mother came in, both well bronzed, the record of years of hard work on their faces, which, nevertheless, were pleasant to look at, because every line and wrinkle was engraved in a surface glowing with quiet pride and joy; and the wife and mother was the woman pointed at a few mornings before to clench an argument against granting woman the rights of her sex. "Would we have our daughters become like one of these?"

We pondered that question for a few minutes there. We have seen something of fashionable society. We know something of the trials, cares, vexations, disappointments, griefs, and agonies of those who belong to it. We have seen the slow wasting from disease, and the surer wasting from neglect, jealousy, and dissipation. We know what dry-rot fashion tries to hide with silks and jewels; what unrest of soul goes with splended upholstery; what pining and anguish, what frivolity and destitution, are wound up in the glittering tissue of the upper world. We looked the two pictures directly in the face—the woman of fashion and the woman of the farm—and without a moment's hesitation decided that if we could choose, our daughter should be "one of these," sooner than have her endure what we have known hundreds to suffer, and become what we have known hundreds to be in fashionable society; a thousand times sooner, for her happiness, welfare, usefulness, and old age, let her be "one of these."

It is no part of the woman movement to put every woman on a farm, and make her a drudge or slave to the hardest and coarsest of occupations. Rather should we protest against this needless sacrifice of the greater to the less, the higher to the lower, the finer faculties to the coarser toil, which others can do just as well. But what we do insist upon, is that a life of useful toil on woman's part, is better for her, nobler, more satisfying, and more enriching, than a life of useless display. And, further, we contend that the more points of interest husband and wife have in common, the more they are brought in close and helpful relations, the more they work together—each helping and cheering the other in the toil which is for the benefit of both—the happier, the healthier, and the more successful their lives will be. The tragedy of our married life comes from the separation of husbands and wives. They live two distinct lives. They occupy two separate spheres, as removed from each and as unlike as two different worlds. All their occupations, companionships, habits, hopes, ambitions, and living, force them apart. Nothing less than a miracle of grace, or a more miraculous love, can hold them happily and helpfully together when business and fashion, like two stones put between the branches of a tree, compel them asunder.

What our married life wants to-day, more than anything, is to take out these artificial and unnatural separators, and bring husband and wife together in natural relations. Let them have one interest, one work, a common partnership, a common companionship, and a common joy. Let them feel each other's presence "from dewy morn till dusky eve," in all their doings, each the sun of the other's world. Let them labor together to build up the home, and rear children to intelligence, usefulness, and virtue, and together strive to realize what is best in character and act, and we shall have few unhappy marriages, and still fewer applications for divorce. The solution of our marriage difficulty lies very largely in unions "such as these."

A woman writes to one of our daily papers, suggesting that women who have anything to sell or exchange, or wish to purchase what is not easily found, should advertise in the papers in a direct business way. And, moreover, if women want to do anything for a hospital or a charity instead of setting about forming a society for the purpose they can accomplish much more by direct individual effort, supplementing their personal exertion by the aid of the papers. There is such a thing as organizing to death. We want co-operation; but first and most, we want individuality, and individual consecration to the best things.

Read the Prospectus of THE REVOLUTION on twelfth page.

Special Correspondence.

CURE OF CRIME.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

That your columns give place to such an article as that contained in a recent number, on "Crime, its Causes and Cure," is to me a great satisfaction. At the present time it is particularly appropriate that women should give serious attention to the causes and cure of crime. According to accepted methods, crime is a blaze to be extinguished, not the result of a complex organic structure, the conditions of which must be changed. If a person has sinned, the harm which he may do, or has already done to others, decides the treatment to be awarded, not the removal of the criminal conditions which caused the sin.

In fact, the harm done by the crime to the transgressor is the most deplorable feature of the case. When a life has been murderously destroyed, the shortest and easiest method is adopted to protect the community, and another life is in like manner destroyed. What "tide in the affairs of men" will direct the torrent of condemnation to the patient investigation of the causes of vice and criminality, and the methods of effecting a reformation of the criminal, at the same time that the State is protected from his depredations?

The fatal mistake of government is that it makes of the criminal an enemy to fight—not an erring child to be saved. The State should proceed on the same principle as the family in its administration, to secure good order, the immunity from vices, and the complete removal of the criminal class. The wise parent, in case of either physical, mental or moral ailment of the child, carefully searches for the causes, and judiciously administers remedies to meet that particular case. No child of the family was ever made better by being thrust out of the sphere of parental care, patience and kindness; neither will any child of the State ever be a better citizen for similar treatment. The true method is to combine with the severest restraints that are necessary—the kindest, most considerate, patient treatment adapted to the circumstances of the case. Schools for criminals, or wayward, erring children should be as judiciously "graded" as our common schools. Indiscriminate huddling together can never reform men. Patients should remain under treatment which promises restoration until a radical change is effected. So should the victims of vice be relieved of moral disease before they discharged from cure. The term of sentence should be conditional, and a judgment of its duration should be based upon the capacity, disposition and improvement of the subject.

"Poets are born, not made;" and murderers and other criminals are often born with murderous and criminal passions. There are hundreds of miserable and wicked mother-hearts to-day who know this or ought to. They are sometimes made by post-natal influences out of miserable chaotic material unblessed from the dawning of life with a single emotion of maternal welcome. The question for society to ask is, What are the conditions which make criminality possible? The responsibility of society is to save the criminal and vicious from their vices and crimes, and prevent the constant recruiting of the ranks of the criminal class.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." The only prevention is the elimination of causes from individual and social structure. The vagrant child, mayhap vicious also, sorrowful fact of a most sorrowful fact, and of which one must speak with bated breath, meets the "hard blows of most outrageous fortune" and the harder judgments of unthinking and unwise legislation, and revenges himself by crimes upon society, and perpetuates his distorted features in wicked offspring. Statistics show that a large per cent. of some classes of criminals are "illegitimate." Is it strange that the unnatural conduct of the individual parent, or the collective parent of the State, in casting out of rightful recognition the victim of transgression, should be returned by a defiance of those laws which do not recognize the child as possessing human rights?

Another predominant condition in all classes of criminals is drunkenness. While these "women must weep" over the sad results of intemperance and all the evils in its train, they may work effectually in those early years when nothing can take the inmost life of the child out of the power of a mother's love and instruction, to instil the principle of temperance, to pledge the infant conscience and heart to total abstinence; and through the years, when various temptations allure the child, a mother may steadfastly refuse to yield one iota to the demands of false reasoning and fashionable dissipation, by admitting within the sacred precincts of home, even as a part of hospitality, the entering wedge of drunkenness and possible crime in the guise of wine. This all women of earnestness who love human welfare and who possess a sense of true responsibility to her children and society can do towards preventing crime; and all women who see what is plainly written in hundreds and thousands of wretched lives, and diseased victims of appetite and drunkenness, can teach their daughters that they have no right to risk the welfare of a human soul by making it possible for such to become parents.

There is no absolute cure for or prevention for crime, except in a wise parentage, hallowed and consecrated to the welfare of children and society; and a reconstruction of civil government upon the same principles of the inter-dependence of individual and collective interets, and such judicious reformatory measures for the sinning as belong to wise family regulation.

BOSTON, Sept. 1, 1871. L. B. CHANDLER.

ARE GIRLS UNHAPPY?

To the Editor of The Revolution:

The *Evening Mail* publishes under the above heading an article from the pen of Mrs. Elizabeth Dudley, an artist in painting and a practicioner of medicine, criticising Miss Phelps' admirable essay in the *Indepen ent*, entitled "Unhappy Girls." Miss Dudley inclines to *pooh-pooh* the idea that girls who are not scalded nearly to death, dying of starvation, or just bereaved by the death of the friend they loved best, can be "downright miserable."

After a careful reading of both the articles, and comparing the views they severally hold forth with our own observation, which has been, perhaps, quite as extended as that of either Miss Phelps or Mrs. Dudley, we must say that the article which the *Mail* calls "a sensible, piquant and philosophical reply" to the essay in the *Independent* falls short of being anything of the sort. Mrs. Dudley's "Sensible Suggestions," which she enunciates with an air which says, "This does away with all the causes of complaint on the part of young women, and disposes of the whole question over which Miss Phelps is making ado," are merely applicable to families where there is but one girl, or to the eldest daughter of other families, and are inadequate to placing the girl in a truly independent position.

According to the programme in the *Mail*, she is to "surprise domestic labor and make the details of house-keeping as few and simple as possible." She is to become a home missionary on hygienic matter, and "gently and modestly convince her (benighted) parents that pies, pickles and fruit cake are dangerous and troublesome articles of diet, supplying their place with wholesome, easily-prepared dishes, delicious fruits and fruit acids." She is to educate the younger children, and teach them that respect to their parents which we are of opinion parents themselves should command; in short, she is to be factotum and be boarded and clothed for it; and in order that she need not add beggary to her other good fortunes, this paragon of feminine virtues is to "compute the average yearly sum of her personal expenses, and persuade her father to give her the money in a quarterly allowance that she need not be obliged to ask every time she wants ten cents for a hair ribbon or a dollar for a pair stockings—and she will not do all this in a matter-of fact, plodding, or hard-set way, but with grace, gayety, laughter and song!"

Miss Dudley is one of the self-supporting women of the day. For ten or twelve years she has with most laudable energy and patient perseverance earned her own support and that of her little son. She is an artist of no mean talent, and has won her way through the study and into the practice of medicine through the aid of her pencil and pen. Knowing her career as we do, we should incline to think the quotations we have made were "writ sarkastikal" were it not for the good faith in which the editor publishes it.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8, 1871. A FRIEND OF GIRLS.

THE LOST LEADER.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Do you know that the defection of a well known and long followed leader often discourages many people? It should not be so; but, alas! for the weakness of human nature. It often is hard to think more of principles than of the men with whom they have been identified.

It was Dr. Channing who said, "In the long run, truth is aided by nothing so much as by opposition, and by the opposition of those who can give the full strength of the argument on the side of error."

When Horace Greeley throws his great influence against woman suffrage, the hearts of those who have been earnestly working in this cause for years falter for a time. They are chagrined that one they hoped would do so much fails them just at "the nick of time." Let all such take comfort and encouragement

from the brave words of Channing, himself an earnest champion of human rights, feeling that it is perhaps a blessing in disguise,

"When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night."

C. C. H.

E. ORANGE, Aug. 27, 1871.

Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to all trivial roughness while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, guarding him, with unshrinking firmness, from the bitterest blast of adversity. As the vine which has long twined its foliage about the oak, and has been lifted by it in sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered bough; so, too, it is beautifully ordained by Providence that woman, who is the ornament and dependent of man in his happiest hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head and binding up the broken heart.

A few years ago appeared in Paris a book of such exquisite beauty, that for a moment it seemed to clear the burning atmosphere of vice which stifled the great city. The charm of this book was its angelic purity breathing in every page. It was written by a young girl who had no thought of making a book, but who, pouring her whole soul in her letters to a beloved brother, had made of her solitary life a poem full of the love of God and of the beautiful world, His creation. Sometimes we detect in these charming effusions a vague aspiration toward this Paris of which she ignores the shame, and which is for her the centre of intellect and of art. But an old father, young brothers and sisters, poverty also, keep her in the country home, where, spinning and working at her humble household duties, dreaming and praying, Eugenie DuGuerin died young, unconscious of the fame which awaited her name!

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NOTHING on earth can smile but human beings. Gems may flash reflected light; but what is a diamond flash to a mirth flash? A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom, and dries up on the stock. Laughter is day, and sobriety is night; and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, and more bewitching than either.

Special Notices.

WANTED, all the numbers of THE REVOLUTION from June, 1870, to 1871, for which a liberal price will be paid.

DR. ELIZABETH S. ADAMS has returned to her Office, 54 West 26th Street, New York, after an absence of two weeks, making a tour of Saratoga, Lake George, Sharon Springs, Round Hill, Northampton and Lake Mahopac.

A LADY wishes a position as Assistant Editress, or would act as New York Correspondent. Has had experience on a daily paper; can write editorials on current topics, book reviews, etc., and is competent to correct proofs. Will not leave the city. Address AUTHORESS, No. 29 Morton St., New York.

WE desire to call attention to the advertisement of Miss Fanny Winship, in our columns this week. She is a highly-cultured woman, strong and vivacious, and possessed of rare gifts of mind and manners. From the fact that she has been a successful teacher of Elocution for many years, and has fitted large numbers of ladies for the stage and rostrum, and taught likewise in several of the private schools of New York, we know that she is competent, and therefore endorse her as a superior elocutionist.

ALLOW ME TO SAY A WORD for myself. I have been using *Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup* in my family since first introduced in the city. I think it an excellent article, and would not be without it on any consideration. [Extract from J. D. Adams' letter to Chicago *Times*.]

It softens the gums, reduces inflammation, regulates the bowels, cures wind colic and corrects acidity, gives rest and health to the child and comforts the mother.

DELICATE DAUGHTERS.—Let the mother who is in agony because of her daughter's "distressing cough," take comfort. Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar has proved a swift specific in thousands of such cases. Unless the lungs are actually consuming under tubercular phthisis, this wonderful counter-irritant will soon overcome the cause of the paroxysms, and restore the patient to perfect health. Sold by all Druggists. Depot 7 Sixth Avenue, New York. Prices 50 cents and $1. Great saving to buy large size.

HELMBOLD'S PREPARATIONS.—There is scarcely a corner of the civilized world where you cannot find at least two things—a copy of the Bible and Helmbold's Preparations. The latter medicines are really distributed over the world; their acknowledged efficacy making them valuable wherever disease is to be found—which, alas, is every where. They are not "patent medicines," but skilfully and scientifically compounded preparations, whose powers of healing depend upon their chemical adaptation to the laws which prevail in the human economy. Their universal and continued success is the best proof of their value.

The Principal Depot for their sale is at Helmbold's new store, 594 Broadway, next to the Metropolitan Hotel.—*N. Y. Citizen.*

EXTRACT.

[From the Independent, May 17, 1871.]

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the splendid stock of furniture to be seen at the warerooms of Messrs. Lang & Nau, 292 and 294 Fulton street, Brooklyn. Here will be found a large and varied stock, made in the richest and most substantial manner, after the newest styles and designs. Messrs. Lang & Nau, owing to their practical knowledge of manufactures, are enabled to fill orders for all styles and grades of furniture equal to any to be found in this country, and at prices below New York houses. Those in want of rich, plain and substantial furniture will do well to give them a call.

EXTRACT.

(From the Christian Union, May 11.)

Messrs. Lang & Nau, 292 and 294 Fulton street, have for sale at their elegant store, and a very fine collection of furniture and upholstery, which they offer at as low figures as any house in the city.

Although comparatively strangers to our citizens they have secured during the past four months, by their strong desire to do the square thing, many friends and quite extensive buisness. We refer our readers to these gentlemen, who will be pleased to show them their assortment of furniture, if nothing more. Don't forget 292 and 294 Fulton street.

ELOCUTION.

Miss Fanny Winship will receive a limited number of pupils, and give private lessons to young ladies who wish to prepare themselves as readers, lecturers, or for the stage. For particulars, apply at No. 48 Fourth Place, Brooklyn.

LOCKWOOD'S NEW ACADEMY,
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A woman works in a factory two hours a day longer than human nature ought to endure, and receives a weekly compensation too small sometimes to keep soul and body together; and this over-work and under-pay we aim to revolutionize.

A woman wishes to provide her children with a good education, but, in seeking to do so, discovers that though every ignorant man in the school-district has a voice in determining the school system, she herself has legally no influence whatever; and this unreasonable restriction we seek to revolutionize.

A woman is held to a strict account by society (as she ought to be) for personal purity of character, while, at the same time, public opinion holds out a hundred-fold more liberal pardon to the vices of men; and this unequal and debasing standard of morality we aim to revolutionize.

A woman loves her country, cherishes its institutions, rears her children to reverence its liberty, and is herself one of its most serviceable citizens, yet is denied her just suffrage in determining the laws by which she is governed, while every vagabond who sleeps in a gutter at night may be awakened in the morning, and carted as a citizen to the ballot-box; and this mockery of republican equality we seek to revolutionize.

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We have purchased, for cash, of the Nottingham Manufacturing Co. (limited), five cases of

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They comprise 165 dozen

CHILDREN'S FULL REGULAR WHITE COTTON HOSE, AT 25 CTS. PER PAIR.

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110 dozen EXTRA LONG ENGLISH HOSE, 38 cts. per pair.

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82 dozen LADIES' BALBRIGGAN EMBROIDERED HOSE, at 37 1/2 cts. per pair.

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A line of NARROW BLACK GIMP HEADINGS at 25c. per yard, about half their actual value.

WANTED—AGENTS, ($20.00 PER DAY) to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING-MACHINE. Has the *under-feed,* makes the "*lock-stitch*" (alike on both sides), and is *fully licensed.* The best and cheapest family Sewing-Machine in the market. Address, JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. sep15 1y

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IS GOOD FOR

Burns and Scalds,	*Rheumatism,*
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Large Size, $1.00. Medium, 50c. Small, 25c.

The Gargling Oil has been in use as a Liniment for thirty-eight years. All we ask is a *fair trial*, but be sure and follow directions.

Ask your nearest druggist or dealer in patent medicines, for one of *our* Almanacs and Vade Mecums, and read what the *people* say about the Oil.

The Gargling Oil is for sale by all respectable dealers throughout the *United States and other Countries.*

Our *testimonials* date from 1833 to the present, and are *unsolicited*. Use the *Gargling Oil*, and tell your neighbors what good it has done.

We deal fair and liberal with all, and defy contradiction. *Write for an Almanac or Cook Book.*

Manufactured at Lockport, New York.

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MERCHANT'S

Gargling Oil Company,

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From the Lockport Times of March 4th, 1871.

GARGLING OIL.—Merchant's Gargling Oil has become a family necessity, and few people attempt to get on without a supply of the article on hand. Its use has not only become general in every State of the Union, but large quantities of this valuable preparation are annually sent to foreign countries. The sale of the medicine has rapidly increased under the judicious and vigorous management of its able and accomplished Secretary of the Company, John Hodge, Esq.

From the Independent, (N. Y.) December, 1870.

It is astonishing to witness the rapid development of the trade in this famous article. Whether for use on man or beast, the Merchant's Gargling Oil will be found an invaluable liniment, and worthy of use by every resident in the land.

From the Louisville (Ky.) Daily Democrat of June 4th, 1856.

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They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing also, the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver, and all the Visceral Organs.

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For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these **Bitters** have been most successful. **Such Diseases** are caused by **Vitiated Blood,** which is generally produced by derangement of the **Digestive Organs.**

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

They invigorate the Stomach and stimulate the torpid Liver and Bowels, which render them of unequaled efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

FOR SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-Worms, Scald Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effects.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

Pin, Tape and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. Says a distinguished physiologist, there is scarcely an individual upon the face of the earth whose body is exempt from the presence of worms. It is not upon the healthy elements of the body that worms exist, but upon the diseased humors and slimy deposits that breed these living monsters of disease. No system of Medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

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